WOMAN AND HER INTERESTS

"The woman was made out of a rib out of the side of Adam; not made out of his head to rule over him; not out of his feet to be trampled upon by him, but out of his side, to be equal with him; under his arm, to be protected by him; near his heart, to be beloved."—Matthew Henry.

IN MY LADY'S KINGDOM.

SUNDAY SPENT IN QUIET COUNCIL WITH HER.

Haryot Holt Cahoon Discourses on the Widow—The Invaluable Advice of Mr. Weller, Sr.—The Fashions.

AN OLD GOOD-BYE.

The dead leaves rustle at my feet,
The moon is shining brightly;
Something has softly dimmed my eyes,
Across the path one shadow lies—
The path two trod so lightly.

It was upon a night like this
Love left us only sorrow;
I held her little hand in mine,
That parting is to me divine.
Then there was no to-morrow.

Since I have learned life's lesson well.
Hearts are not easy broken;
To-night all joys I have forgot;
There's something sacred in this spot,
Where sweet good-byes were spoken.

I'd feel less lonely with myself
If I were broken-hearted;
Would I could life that night again,
With all its sadness-sweetened pain,
When love from love was parted!
Lippincott's Magazine.

THE POPULAR WIDOW.

"The Half-Mourning Sadness of a Pretty Woman."

It is a paradoxical fact that the instant a woman is bereft of her lawful and loving protector, when she would fain turn to the world for consolation and sympathy, that suspicious, calumnious old dame turns against her. This condition is deplorable, but nevertheless true. Are you an adored wife, shielded by the strong right arm of a loving husband? Then know that that same protecting arm is all that gives you the right to spontaneous action and speech. Remove it, and you become a creature of motive, and your actions, your speech, nay, your very thoughts, are at once under the surveillance of that circumspect, meddlesome old dame, Society. She weighs your sorrow, she takes inventories on your crape and bombazine, on your smiles and tears, on your age and your good looks; and know now, even if you have never thought of it before, that if the two last mentioned attributes are in your favor, she is no longer your friend. The eye of Providence is scarcely more all-seeing than the eye of Mrs. Grundy. She watches for the first trace of white in your sombre-hued attire; and when you venture on lilac, the one tint fashion has accorded you, the stepping-stone between the has been and the future, she smiles wisely and whispers—loudly, that you may hear, about your "purpling out." Then she puts on her eye-glasses, and prepares to be surprised at nothing. You may never have thought of it, but that is the way she does.

Time that heals sorrow accentuates loneliness. This is the secret which rankles in the bosom of the wary world. If you are disposed to be natural, like other women, then you are "giddy." If your manner is subdued and reposeful, as the result of discipline, then you are "designing." In every case the advice of Mr. Weller holds good—"Samivel, beware of the viddors!" The virtue of Ruth, as the most exemplary of widows, loses its force when it copes with the advice of the immortal Weller. Sacred history dwells upon the virtues of Ruth. Few characters stand out so boldly, embellished with laudatory fact, as the daughter-in-law of Naomi, who fell upon the neck of the latter, and begged, "Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee; whither thou goest I will go; where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." In the face of all this sacred testimony, still Mr. Weller's advice became an aphorism. The secret of her popularity is simple enough. She meets a man on the plane of comradeship. In her society he feels at ease. She is a graduate in the school of experience, and with a woman's instinct she knows him better than he knows himself. She enters to his whims; she excuses his weaknesses and foibles till they assume the appearance of virtues; she defers to his judgment, flatters his vanity, puts him on good terms with himself; in short, she appreciates him. There is an absence of maidenly independence, of girlish gush and effervescence about her that rests him, and a suggestion of dependence that appeals to him. She is not afraid to prove to him how indispensable he is to her comfort. She needs him to buy railroad tickets, and check baggage and read time tables, and adjust her wraps, and carry her parasol, and tie her slippers, and—well, he feels the same ease in her society which he enjoys in the company of her mother and sister; the same repose minus the monotony. There is something about the sweet, half mourning sadness of a pretty woman that appeals to the principles of chivalry in a man. He longs to shield her, because he is strong and able and she is confiding and gentle; and when she is shy—shades of his ancestors protect him! his heart flutters; he eyes the bait, and, ere he knows it, the fish is landed, and the society looks properly and piously shocked, and ejaculates the verdict: "Caught by a widow!" Women are frequently happier in a second than in a first marriage alliance. This stands to reason; they have better judgment in making a selection. Two of the greatest generals of modern times succumbed to the fascinations of widows. The Empress Josephine and Martha Washington, each the mother of a son and daughter by a previous marriage, shared equally the honors of their illustrious lords. Ergo! Widows make good wives—From "What One Woman Thinks."

EVERYBODY KNOWS HER.

She of the Pitching Gait and Mincing Strut.

On the street her very walk, a something between a pitching gait and a mincing strut, marks her as deficient in sense; in the cars she is the observed of all observers, particularly if she be obliged to stand.

There seems to be no centre of gravity in her make-up; she sways with every motion of the car, doubtless acting out a conception of the lily nodding on its fragile stem.

Her mood before the public is generally of the volatile, sunshiny order, but she has a reserve force for sentimental moments, and is equally aggravating and discreditable in either role.

Her giggles, her glances, her loud-voiced remarks replete with emptiness of intellect are simply maddening; she revels in driving rational women to the verge of frenzy and then attributes their condition to jealousy of her superior charms. No reproof can quiet her, no insult even penetrate the shield armor of her vanity.

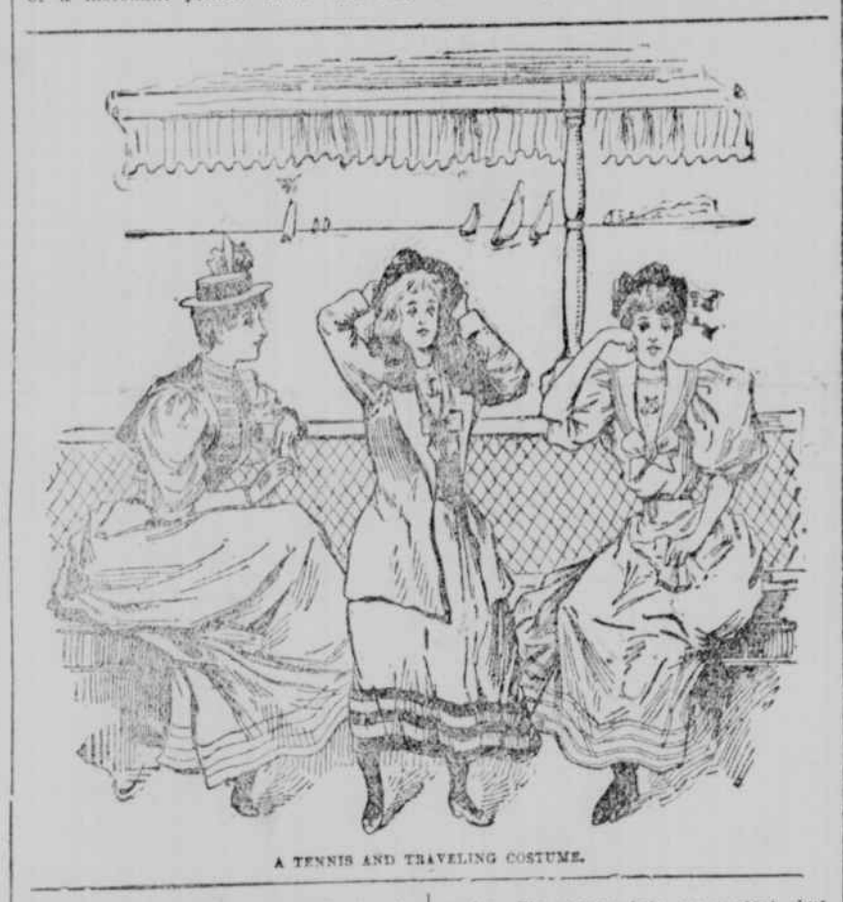
In a ten minutes' ride you get acquainted with all her accomplishments, the Christian names of her numerous admirers, the many compliments paid her, the shortcomings of her feminine friends and their perfidious efforts to supplant her in Frank's growing affection or Charlie's passionate love.

Every ring (and she generally wears a lot of them), represents a conquest, a trophy prudently kept after the giver had been discarded—heart-broken, of course. Even the watch she wears dangling outside is boasted of as a token of regard; she doesn't consider her self-respect too big a price to have paid for the bauble.—Donahoe's Magazine.

GIVE THE LADY'S NAME.

Remarkable Story of a Young Chicago Woman.

The smiling Princess has sailed away, leaving conflicting memories of her pirouetting in Chicago. She stepped on some tender toes, and that always leaves an unpleasant memory, and she smiled sweetly on some of her American acquaintances, and the smile of the Princess was as balm to a wounded heart. Stories of the Princess are coming out. Here is one: Surrounded by a bevy of Chicago beauties—most of them debutantes of the season lately ended—the Princess stood one night where lights gleamed like noble opals in the parlors of a merchant prince. There was soft



A TENNIS AND TRAVELING COSTUME.

music above and society was whirling in the dance. The smiling Princess tapped the carpet nervously, yearning to throw off the iron fetters of the naval commander near her person and whirl with the dancers. The rigid laws of the Castilians denied her that delight, so she beat a tattoo on the carpet. A tiny silk slipper peeping from the skirts of a Michigan-avenue belle caught the Princess' eye.

"Please let me see more of your slipper," she said. "I like it." The debutante pushed out a small foot that was arched high, proud to have pleased the royal guest. The stern commander had stepped for a moment away from the person of the Princess.

"I like your slippers very much," the Princess added. "Where can I get some like them?"

The debutante bowed her appreciation of the compliment. Next morning while the Princess slept her maid brought to the bedside a bouquet of pale flowers, in which a pair of tiny slippers nestled.

The debutante's name? No, no! She is one of the fairest flowers that has lately come to bloom in the social world.—Chicago Herald.

Secrets.

July roses wet with rain
Tap against the window-pane;
There is something they would seek,
Had they voices and could speak.
Silence seals their crimson lips,
And the dull rain drops and drips.

The other side the streaming glass
Lands a little say-eyed lass;
There is something she would seek,
But a maiden may not speak—
Silence seals her longing lips,
And the dull rain drops and drips.

And salt tears in showers stain
Her side of the window-pane;
And the crimson roses grow
Pale as dreams dreamt long ago;
(Hearts may break behind sealed lips),
And the dull rain drops and drips.
—Marie Hedderwick Browne.

How to Be Beautiful.

"What's the matter, May?" said one woman to another, who was sitting gloomily in a reading-room, with a magazine and a bit of paper before her.

"I've just discovered," replied May, looking up from the article on hygiene that she was reading, "that I can never be a clean person, much less a healthy or a beautiful one."

"What! What do you mean?" gasped May's friend.

"My dear," said May, "I have the authority of this excellent article for the following statement regarding personal cleanliness and health: No woman with abundant hair can hope to keep it fresh and glossy without a half hour's brushing morning and evening. That is, an hour a day. I am also informed that the care of my nails should consume half an hour a day, and of my teeth another half hour.

"Then I must sleep ten hours, and exercise in the open air one hour each day. I must spend three-quarters of an hour at breakfast and luncheon, and an hour and a half at dinner. And not less than three hours in recreation is commanded. If you are a mathematician, you see that nineteen hours of the twenty-four are thus consumed. Then facial massage and Turkish baths are recommended, and these, with my sewing, would take up the few remaining hours.

"And fate compels me to work nine hours a day for a living, and to devote one hour to getting to and from my work. So that the days will have to be at least twenty-nine hours long before I can be even clean and healthy. Heaven only knows how much longer they would need to be if one aimed to be beautiful and intelligent!"—Chicago Evening Journal.

THE TRUE WOMANHOOD.

John Ruskin's Definition of That Noble Quality.

We are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of the "superiority" of one sex to the other, as if they could be compared in similar things. Each has what the other has not; each completes the other, and is completed by the other; they are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depend on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give.

Now, their separate characters are briefly these: The man's power is active, progressive, defensive. He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender. His intellect is for speculation and invention; his energy for adventure, for war and for conquest, wherever war is just, wherever conquest necessary. But the woman's power is for rule, not for battle; and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement and decision. She sees the qualities of things, their claims and their places. Her great function is praise. She enters into no contest, but infallibly judges the crown of contest. By her office and place she is protected from all danger and temptation. The man, in his rough work in open world, must encounter all peril and trial; to him, therefore, the failure, the offense, the inevitable error; often he must be wounded or subdued, often misled and always hardened. But he guards the woman from all this; within his house, as ruled by her, unless she herself has sought it, need enter no danger, no temptation, no cause of error or offense.

Lizzie.

I wonder ef all wimmin air
Like Lizzie is when we go out
To theatres an' concerts where
Is things the papers talk about.
Do other wimmin fret an' stew
Like they wuz bein' crucified,
Frettin' a show or concert through,
With wonderin' ef the baby cried?

Now, Lizzie knows that gran'ma's there
To see that everything is right;
Yet Lizzie thinks that gran'ma's care
Ain't good enuff for baby, quite.
Yet what am I to answer when
She kind uv fidgets by my side,
An, asks me every now an' then
"I wonder ef the baby cried?"

Seems like she seen two little eyes
A-pinin' f'r their mother's smile,
Seems like she hears the pleadin' cries
Uv one she thinks uv all the while;
An' so she's sorry that she come,
An' though she allus tries to hide
The truth, she'd ruther stay to hum
Then wonder ef the baby cried.

Yes, wimmin folks is all alike,
By Lizzie you ken jedge the rest;
There never wuz a little yke
But that his mother loved him best.
An' nex' to bein' what I be,
The husband uv my gentle bride,
I'd wisht I wuz that crood in' wee,
With Lizzie wonderin' ef I cried.
—Albany Journal.

I Want to Know.

She came from 'way down East, they said,
And being introduced she led
Me there to recapitulate
The city's phases up to date,
And when my full directory
I had retailed, she said to me—
"I want to know!"

I told her everything I knew
That worthy was of interview;
Retailed to her each shopping mart,
The homes of drama, music, art,
The drives, menageries and parks,
Described with eloquent remarks
The watering places roundabout,
Enthused o'er each excursion route,
Talked till, in fact, my tongue grew weak,
Then heard again in accents meek,
"I want to know!"

Angels of Mercy! Had I then
Obeyed the impulse born of men
And with warm maledictions hurled
That spinister to the lower world
From open window where I sat,
Would not the gods approved of that?
I want to know!
—Boston Courier.

THE WOMAN OF FASHION

YACHTING, BOATING, CLIMBING AND OUTING GOWNS.

What Materials to Use and How to Use Them—Trimmings Most Popular—Red, White and Blue Combinations.

Once upon a time the summer girl had a dress for traveling, one for outing, one for yachting, and one for mountain climbing. Now she often gets up a suit that will answer several of these functions, and no one be the wiser for it. How is this for an all-round costume, in which the girl will look spick and span and suitable?—fine dark-blue sacking, turned up in deep hem, with several rows of stitching; above the hem is a broad red band, upon which are laid several rows of white braid, so that the white and red alternate evenly. The waist is white China silk, made loosely, and falling from the finely plaited collar is a loose bib. The short dark blue jacket turns back in revers that are faced in scarlet, with the white braid again alternating. Above the deep hem of the cuff is the same trimming, which is charming in its neatness and brightness. In outing gowns, as in all others, white and cream are the favorite shades. The materials are plenteous—white linen, duck, linen sacking, serge, hopsacking, flannels, and a few others. The linens have a more limited field than the woolen fabrics, but this has not decreased their popularity. They are so delightfully cool that there is at least one in every summer wardrobe. These are, for the most part, of pure white ground, lightly striped in pink or blue, trimmed with braids, and worn with the thin silk blouse or shirt waist. Some of the more extravagant ones have much lace on the bodices. The beauty of these gowns is the fact that they launder so perfectly.

The linen sacking, so closely resembling the hopsacking, is commonly used for the cooler suits, also, while the plain linens, in the tan and dull blue and ecru shades, are often made up with satin trimmings.

For the all-round suit the material is fine serge or sacking, and the color of-tenest dark blue or white. The linen shirt waist comes into play very often. In fact one sees almost as much of the linen as of the softer skirts in silk and cotton materials. Perhaps it is because they are so much prettier and more fanciful this year. They are striped in pale, pretty colors—white and lavender, white and pink, with the stripes separated by narrow, open hemstitching. They are trimmed with pretty little frills, and with ruffles down the front, and the linen is often flecked with a tiny design that takes away from its somewhat hard and shining effect.

A white serge suit that stepped on a pretty launch the other day was worn with one of these lavender and white-striped vests. The lavender linen cuffs peeped out from the white sleeve. A small, straight white tie tipped the whole.

A dark blue had a single roll of white above the skirt's hem, a white silk waist, and rows of white braid on the revers of the jacket. A touch of spotless white on very dark blue is most effective.

A plain, dark skirt of red or black is often worn with vari-colored jackets and fronts. One of these jackets is a white Eton, with a tight-fitting scarlet vest inside, double breasted, and trimmed with gold buttons. It turns back from a white linen front. The jacket is trimmed with rows of fine gold braid. Another is of dark blue, and is made with a loose round collar, that falls far over the shoulders, and is edged with a single row of gold braid. It has a tight-fitting vest inside, of white serge, turning back from the white linen front beneath.

The red, white and blue combination is used a great deal, and there is endless variety in the combining of the colors. A skirt may be either blue or white—it is rarely scarlet—and the other two colors come out in the jacket or skirt or trimming. With such combinations are worn the outing capes of the same bright shades, triple capes, of course, one of each shade, and all, as a rule, lined with white silk. They have a ruche of white also, and are knotted with big cords.

The long Golf cape is also worn—single, reaching almost to the knee, and with the peculiar strap arrangement beneath, passing from front shoulder around to the back, after crossing over the chest, crossing again in back, and then brought forward to fasten below the waist. These are made with the silk-lined hood, and are flung back from the shoulders when one becomes warm in place of being carried over the arm. They are not, however, at all pretty.

But there is one place where the outing suit is rarely seen—upon a bicycle. Once in a while, however, we see it even there, for we are beginning to find out that, after all, the bicycle does not require so extraordinary a suit. There have been articles galore written upon the subject of a bicycle skirt's shape. Each writer has her own opinion, based mainly upon extensive theories as to the relative action of wind and motion upon the garment. The skirt must counteract the influence of a strong breeze that may blow, must still be light and cool enough for summer, and withal must always be graceful. And the writer feels that she has a grave task before her, and treats the subject with becoming thoughtfulness. Said writer has, possibly, never mounted the wayward wheel, but this makes her brain still more fertile in devising wonderful garments that shall answer every purpose.

And, after trying them, the sensible girl comes to the conclusion that the long, gathered skirt, rather full, turned up in a deep hem, is the most satisfactory skirt to wear.

As I have said, once in a while an ordinary outing skirt rides a wheel, for the fashionable skirt is almost full enough to hang graceful, and just the proper length. The only thing that may debar it is its color, which may not be sufficiently subdued; or, possibly, trimming which may appear on the outing skirt. For the bicycle skirt must be absolutely plain, with nothing to catch anywhere. In a full skirt there is no necessity for an extra weight—a good, deep hem will be sufficient to keep it down.

For a long time blue and black were the colors worn. Now we have taken to dust color, for it is particularly quiet, blends admirably with the wheel, and, in case of accident or shower, shows no dust or specks of mud.

No skirts should be worn beneath. Full trousers of the same material are all that is needed. Beneath the trousers is the closely-fitting union suit of wool. In such costume the bicycle girl is clad for all weathers. In summer she may wear silk waists in place of the smooth-fitting bodice, double-breasted, buttoned, and turned back in revers over a small fancy yoke, which she wears on colder days. But apart from this her suit will always be the same.

Corduroy colored suits, trimmed with that material, are also neat and well wearing. A corduroy blazer looks well over brighter colored silk waists.

A bit of scarlet introduced somewhere into the costume is effective, although shunned, as a rule, by the girl who makes a business of cycling.

I noticed a little crowd of cyclers just ahead of me yesterday, on a beautiful, broad avenue, and hastened up to find out what was the matter. Just before I reached them a youngster called out to a policeman who was passing:

"I say, Geary, have you seen it?"

"What?" asked the policeman of the little chap.

"The new freak just over there."

I followed the direction of his finger, and saw a black figure seated quietly upon a tricycle. Her self-possession was wonderful, considering the curious group that stood there gazing, for she wore real bloomers! No modified imitation, I assure you, but the actual garment, with the full puffs reaching just to the knee, and with stockings below, encased in ties. She wore a perfectly plain black blouse, a black sailor hat and smoked eye-glasses. Her hair was coiled in a knot at the back. If it hadn't been for the hair I should have doubted my eyes. But in spite of her rather masculine appearance her sex was quite apparent. Of course she was old, and had a hard, determined look upon her face, and met all the stares with seeming unconcern. It is never the young and pretty girl that figures in the dress reform. You may depend upon that. —Eva A. Schubert.

Rocks and Sea.

Gray rocks and grayer sea,
And surf along the shore—
And in my heart a name
My lips shall speak no more.

The high and lonely hills
Endure the darkening year—
And in my heart endure
A memory and a tear.

Across the tide a sail
That tosses and is gone—
And in my heart the ship
That longing dreams upon.

Gray rocks, and grayer sea,
And surf along the shore,
And in my heart the face
That I shall see no more.

Kate Field's Method.

Kate Field, the well-known editor and lecturer, prefers the daytime for literary work, for the reason, she says, that the brain is far clearer in the morning than at any other time. This refers, of course, to a normal brain, independent of stimulants. She thinks that, under pressure, night work in journalism is often more brilliant than any other, but that is exceptional. She makes no outline in advance, and never uses stimulants, hot water excepted. She has no particular habit when at work, except the habit of sticking to it, and has no specified hours for work. She spends no time at a desk, as she writes in her lap, a habit which was also a peculiarity of Mrs. Browning. Miss Field maintains that it is far easier for her, and prevents round shoulders, and is also better for the lungs.—The Watchman.

THE THROAT OF YOUTH.

It is the Most Attractive Feature in Woman.

People who make a study of such important problems are always telling women that the throat is the first part of their bodies to reveal the insidious approach of age. But they don't add that high "choker" collars and the stiff linen with round waists and surplice fronts; trim them with a bit of lace at the throat. Then wash your neck every night with a rough cloth and pure almond meal. Rinse it in hot water and anoint it freely with some emollient. If you can afford it, and care about taking your cream in that way, a cream neck bath is excellent.

Another thing which shoemakers and physicians will tell you to do for your complexion is to wear looser shoes for the summer months than you do for the rest of the year. The feet seem to feel the general spring languor even more than the rest of the frame does, and whatever gives them the nearest approach to barefoot ease is the best thing for them in summer.

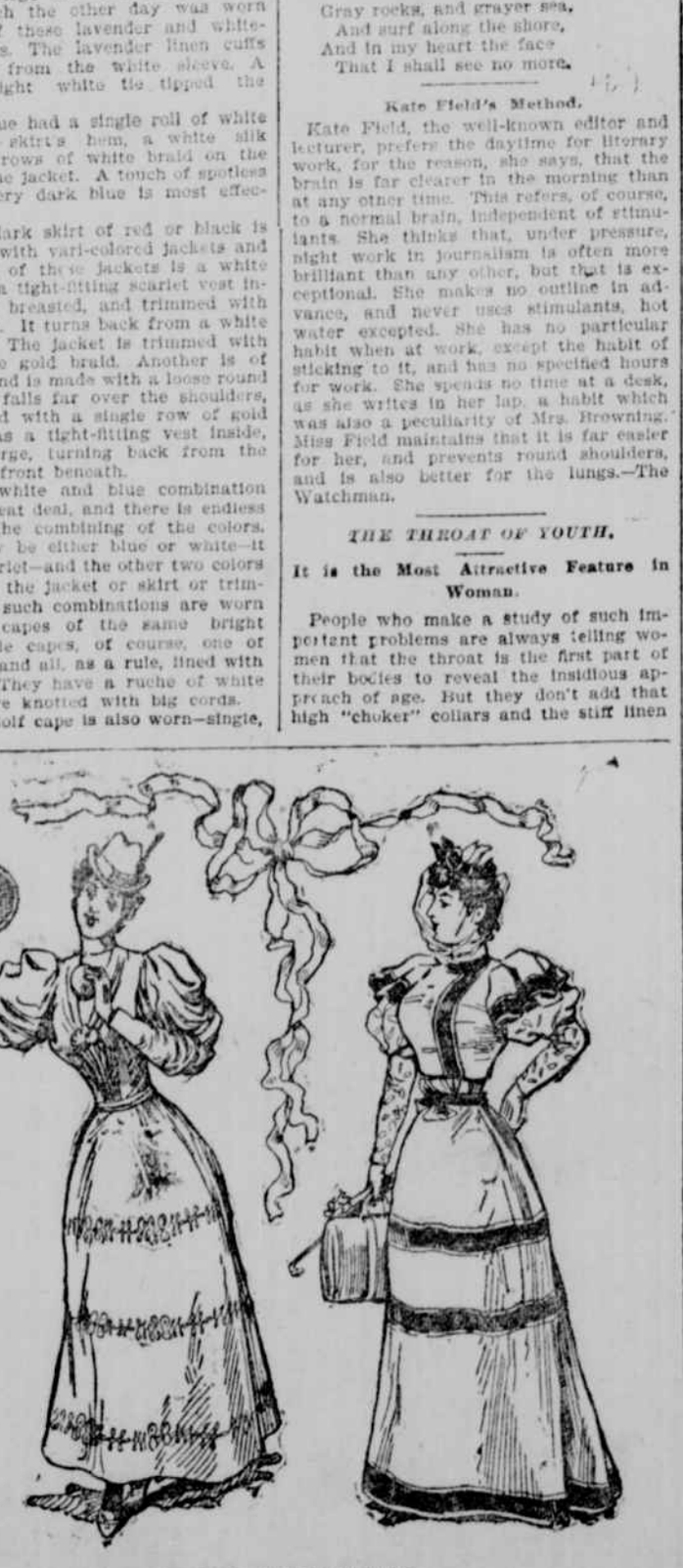
About Women.

A beautiful woman pleases the eye, a good woman pleases the heart; the one is a jewel, the other a treasure.—Napoleon I.

Finesse has been given to woman to compensate the force of man.—Lacios.

A woman who pretends to laugh at love is like a child who sings at night when he is afraid.—J. J. Rousseau.

The mistakes of woman result almost always from her faith in the good and her confidence in the truth.—Balzac.



SOME CHIC YACHTING COSTUMES.